SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 20] *Monday, Jan.* 25, 1808 [NO. X OF VOL II.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

Extremum hunc nihi concede laborem. VIRG.

"Soft you, a word or two before we part."

In this season of festivity when the gate of time swings open on its hinges, and an honest rosy-faced New-Year comes waddling in, like a jolly fat-sided alderman, loaded with good wishes, good humour and minced pies—at this joyous era it has been the custom, from time immemorial, in this antient and respectable city, for periodical writers, from reverend, grave, and potent essayists like ourselves, down to the humble but industrious editors of magazines, reviews, and newspapers, to tender their subscribers the compliments of the season, and when they have slily thawed their hearts with a little of the sunshine of flattery, to conclude by delicately dunning them for their arrears of subscription mo-

ney. In like manner the carriers of newspapers, who undoubtedly belong to the antient and honourable order of literati, do regularly at the commencement of the year, salute their patrons with abundance of excellent advice, conveyed in exceeding good poetry, for which the aforesaid good-natured patrons are well pleased to pay them exactly twenty-five cents. In walking the streets, I am every day saluted with good wishes from old grey-headed negroes, whom I never recollect to have seen before; and it was but a few days ago, that I was called out to receive the compliments of an ugly old woman, who last spring was employed by mrs. Cockloft to white-wash my room and put things in order: a phrase which, if rightly understood, means little else than huddling every thing into holes and corners, so that if I want to find any particular article, it is, in the language of an humble but expressive saying—"looking for a needle in a haystack." Not recognizing my visitor, I demanded by what authority she wished me a "Happy New-Year?" Her claim was one of the weakest she could have urged, for I have an innate and mortal antipathy to this custom of *putting things to rights*—so giving the old witch a pistareen, I desired her forthwith to mount her broomstick, and ride off as fast as possible.

Of all the various ranks of society, the bakers alone, to their immortal honour be it recorded, depart from this practice of making a market of congratulations; and, in addition to always allowing thirteen to the dozen, do, with great liberality, instead of drawing on the purses of their customers at the New-Year, present them with divers large, fair spiced cakes, which, like the shield of Achilles, or

an egyptian obelisk, are adorned with figures of a variety of strange animals, that in their conformation, out-marvel all the wild wonders of nature.

This honest grey-beard custom of setting apart a certain portion of this good-for-nothing existence, for purposes of cordiality, social merriment, and good cheer, is one of the inestimable relicks handed down to us from our worthy dutch ancestors. In perusing one of the manuscripts from my worthy grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers, I find the new year was celebrated with great festivity during that golden age of our city, when the reins of government were held by the renowned Rip Van Dam, who always did honour to the season, by *seeing out the old year*, a ceremony which consisted in plying his guests with bumpers, until not one of them was capable of seeing. "Truely," observes my grandfather, who was generally of these parties—"Truely, he was a most stately and magnificent burgomaster, inasmuch, as he did right lustily carouse it with his friends, about new-year; roasting huge quantities of turkies; baking innumerable minced pies, and smacking the lips of all fair ladies the which he did meet, with such sturdy emphasis that the same might have been heard the distance of a stone's throw." In his days, according to my grandfather, were first invented those notable cakes, hight *new-year cookies*, which originally were impressed on one side with the honest burley countenance of the illustrious Rip, and on the other with that of the noted St. Nicholas, vulgarly called Santaclaus—of all the saints in the kalendar the most venerated by true hollanders, and their unsophisticated descendants. These cakes are to this time given on the first of

January, to all visitors, together with a glass of cherry-bounce, or raspberry-brandy It is with great regret, however, I observe that the simplicity of this venerable usage has been much violated by modern pretenders to style, and our respectable new-year cookies, and cherry-bounce, elbowed aside by plumb-cake and outlandish liqueurs, in the same way that our worthy old dutch families are out-dazzled by modern upstarts, and mushroom cockneys.

In addition to this divine origin of new-year festivity, there is something exquisitely grateful to a good-natured mind, in seeing every face dressed in smiles—in hearing the oft repeated salutations that flow spontaneously from the heart to the lips—in beholding the poor for once, enjoying the smiles of plenty, and forgetting the cares which press hard upon them, in the jovial revelry of the feelings—the young children decked out in their sunday clothes. and freed from their only cares, the cares of the school, tripping through the streets on errands of pleasure—and even the very negroes, those holiday-loving rogues, gorgeously arrayed in cast-off finery, collected in juntoes at corners, displaying their white teeth, and making the welkin ring with bursts of laughter, loud enough to crack even the icy cheek of old winter. There is something so pleasant in all this, that I confess it would give me real pain, to behold the frigid influence of modern style, cheating us of this jubilee of the heart, and converting it, as it does every other article of social intercourse, into an idle, and unmeaning ceremony. 'Tis the annual festival of good-humour—it comes in the dead of winter, when nature is without a charm,

when our pleasures are contracted to the fire-side, and where every thing that unlocks the icy fetters of the heart, and sets the genial current flowing, should be cherished, as a stray lamb found in the wilderness, or a flower blooming among thorns and briers.

Animated by these sentiments, it is with peculiar satisfaction I perceived that the last new-year was kept with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It seemed as if the good old times had rolled back again, and brought with them all the honest, unceremonious intercourse of those golden days, when people were more open and sincere, more moral, and more hospitable than now—when every object carried about it a charm which the hand of time has stolen away, or turned to a deformity—when the women were more simple, more domestick, more lovely, and more true; and when even the sun, like a hearty old blade, as he is, shone with a genial lustre, unknown in these degenerate days:—in short, those fairy times when I was a mad-cap boy, crowding every enjoyment into the present moment—making of the past an oblivion—of the future a heaven; and careless of all that was "over the hills and far away." Only one thing was wanting to make every part of the celebration accord with its antient simplicity.—The ladies, who (I write it with the most piercing regret) are generally at the head of all domestick innovations, most fastidiously refused that mark of good will, that chaste and holy salute which was so fashionable in the happy days of governor Rip and the patriarchs.—Even the miss Cocklofts, who belong to a family that is the last entrenchment behind which the manners of the good old

school have retired, made violent opposition; and whenever a gentleman entered the room, immediately put themselves in a posture of defence;—this Will Wizard, with his usual shrewdness, insists was only to give the visitor a hint that they expected an attack, and declares he has uniformly observed, that the resistance of those ladies, who make the greatest noise and bustle, is most easily overcome. This sad innovation originated with my good aunt Charity, who was as arrant a tabby as ever wore whiskers; and I am not a little afflicted to find that she has found so many followers, even among the young and beautiful.

In compliance with an antient and venerable custom, sanctioned by time and our ancestors, and more especially by my own inclinations, I will take this opportunity to salute my readers with as many good wishes, as I can possibly spare; for in truth, I have been so prodigal of late, that I have but few remaining. I should have offered my congratulations sooner, but to be candid, having made the last new-year's campaign, according to custom under cousin Christopher, in which I have seen some pretty hard service, my head has been somewhat out of order of late, and my intellects rather cloudy for clear writing. Beside, I may allege as another reason, that I have deferred my greetings until this day, which is exactly one year since we introduced ourselves to the publick; and surely periodical writers have the same right of dating from the commencement of their works, that monarchs have from the time of their coronation, or our most puissant republick, from the declaration of its independence.

These good wishes are warmed into more than

usual benevolence, by the thought that I am now perhaps addressing my old friends for the last time. That we should thus cut off our work in the very vigour of its existence, may excite some little matter of wonder in this enlightened community. Now though we could give a variety of good reasons, for so doing, yet it would be an ill-natured act to deprive the publick of such an admirable opportunity to indulge in their favourite amusement of conjecture--so we generously leave them to flounder in the smooth ocean of glorious uncertainty. Beside, we have ever considered it as beneath persons of our dignity, to account for our movements or caprices——thank heaven we are not like the unhappy rulers of this enlightened land, accountable to the mob for our actions, or dependant on their smiles for support: —this much, however, we will say, it is not for want of subjects that we stop our career. We are not in the situation of poor Alexander the Great, who wept, as well indeed he might, because there were no more worlds to conquer; for to do justice to this queer, odd, rantipole city, and this whimsical country, there is matter enough in them, to keep our risible muscles, and our pens going until doomsday.

Most people, in taking a farewel which may perhaps be forever, are anxious to part on good terms, and it is usual in such melancholy occasions, for even enemies to shake hands, forget their previous quarrels, and bury all former animosities in parting regrets. Now because most people do this, I am determined to act in quite a different way; for as I have lived, so should I wish to die in my own way, without imitating

any person, whatever may be his rank, talents, or reputation. Besides, if I know our trio we have no enmities to obliterate, no hatchet to bury, and as to all injuries—those we have long since forgiven. At this moment, there is not an individual in the world, not even the Pope himself, to whom we have any personal hostility. But if, shutting their eyes to the many striking proofs of good-nature displayed through the whole course of this work, there should be any persons so singularly ridiculous as to take offence at our strictures, we heartily forgive their stupidity, earnestly intreating them to desist from all manifestations of ill-humour, lest they should, peradventure, be classed under some one of the denominations of recreants we have felt it our duty to hold up to publick ridicule. Even at this moment, we feel a glow of parting philanthropy stealing upon us—a sentiment of cordial good will towards the numerous host of readers that have jogged on at our heels during the last year; and in justice to ourselves, must seriously protest, that if at any time we have treated them a little ungently, it was purely in that spirit of hearty affection, with which a schoolmaster drubs an unlucky urchin, or a humane muleteer his recreant animal, at the very moment when his heart is brim-full of loving kindness. If this is not considered an ample justification, so much the worse; for in that case I fear we shall remain foreverunjustified—a most desperate extremity, and worthy of every man's commisseration!

One circumstance in particular, has tickled us mightily, as we jogged along; and that is, the astonishing secrecy with which we have been

able to carry on our lucubrations! Fully aware of the profound sagacity of the publick of Gotham, and their wonderful faculty of distinguishing a writer by his style, it is with great self-congratulation we find that suspicion has never pointed to us as the authors of Salmagundi. Our grey-beard speculations have been most bountifully attributed to sundry smart young gentlemen, who, for aught we know, have no beards at all; and we have often been highly amused, when they were charged with the sin of writing what their harmless minds never conceived, to see them affect all the blushing modesty and beautiful embarrassment of detected virgin authors. The profound and penetrating publick, having so long been led away from truth and nature by a constant perusal of those delectable histories, and romances, from beyond seas, in which human nature is for the most part wickedly mangled and debauched, have never once imagined this work was a genuine and most authentick history—that the Cocklofts were a real family dwelling in the city—paying scot and lot, entitled to the right of suffrage, and holding several respectable offices in the corporation.—As little do they suspect that there is a knot of merry old bachelors seated snugly in the old-fashioned parlour of an old-fashioned dutch house, with a weathercock on the top, that came from Holland; who amuse themselves of an evening by laughing at their neighbours, in an honest way, and who manage to jog on through the streets of our antient and venerable city, without elbowing or being elbowed by a living soul.

When we first adopted the idea of discontinuing this work, we determined, in order to

give the criticks a fair opportunity for dissection, to declare ourselves, one and all, absolutely defunct; for it is one of the rare and invaluable privileges of a periodical writer, that by an act of innocent suicide he may lawfully consign himself to the grave, and cheat the world of posthumous renown. But we abandoned this scheme for many substantial reasons. In the first place, we care but little for the opinion of criticks, who we consider a kind of freebooters in the republick of letters; who, like deer, goats, and divers other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon the buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure, and retarding their progress to maturity. It also occurred to us that though an author might lawfully, in all countries, kill himself outright, yet this privilege did not extend to the raising himself from the dead, if he was ever so anxious; and all that is left him in such a case, is to take the benefit of the metempsychosis act, and revive under a new name and form.

Far be it, therefore, from us, to condemn ourselves to useless embarrassments, should we ever be disposed to resume the guardianship of this learned city of Gotham, and finish this invaluable work, which is yet but half completed. We hereby openly and seriously declare that we are not dead, but intend, if it pleases providence, to live for many years to come—to enjoy life with the genuine relish of honest souls, careless of riches, honours, and every thing but a good name, among good fellows; and with the full expectation of shuffling off the remnant of existence, after the excellent fashion of that merry grecian, who died laughing.

TO THE LADIES.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

Next to our being a knot of independent old bachelors, there is nothing on which we pride ourselves more highly, than upon possessing that true chivalrick spirit of gallantry, which distinguished the days of king Arthur, and his valiant knights of the Round-table. We cannot, therefore, leave the lists where we have so long been tilting at folly, without giving a farewel salutation to those noble dames and beauteous damsels who have honoured us with their presence at the tourney. Like true knights, the only recompense we crave is the smile of beauty, and the approbation of those gentle fair ones, whose smile and whose approbation far excels all the trophies of honour, and all the rewards of successful ambition. True it is that we have suffered infinite perils, in standing forth as their champions, from the sly attacks of sundry arch caitiffs, who in the overflowings of their malignity have even accused us of entering the lists as defenders of the very foibles and faults of the sex.—Would that we could meet with these recreants hand to hand—they should receive no more quarter than giants and enchanters in romance.

Had we a spark of vanity in our natures, here is a glorious occasion to show our skill in refuting these illiberal insinuations—but there is something manly, and ingenuous, in making an honest confession of ones offences when about retiring from the world—and so, without any more ado, we doff our

helmets and thus publickly plead guilty to the deadly sin of GOOD NATURE; hoping and expecting forgiveness from our good natured readers—yet careless whether they bestow it or not. And in this we do but imitate sundry condemned criminals; who, finding themselves convicted of a capital crime, with great openess and candour, do generally in their last dying speech make a confession of all their previous offences, which confession is always read with great delight by all true lovers of biography.

Still, however, notwithstanding our notorious devotion to the gentle sex, and our indulgent partiality, we have endeavoured, on divers occasions, with all the polite and becoming delicacy of true respect, to reclaim them from many of those delusive follies and unseemly peccadilloes in which they are unhappily too prone to indulge. We have warned them against the sad consequences of encountering our midnight damps and withering wintry blasts—we have endeavoured, with pious hand, to snatch them from the wildering mazes of the waltz, and thus rescuing them from the arms of strangers, to restore them to the bosoms of their friends—to preserve them from the nakedness, the famine, the cobweb muslins, the vinegar cruet, the corset, the stay tape, the buckram, and all the other miseries and racks of a *fine figure*. But above all we have endeavoured to lure them from the mazes of a dissipated world, where they wander about careless of their value, until they lose their original worth—and to restore them before it is too late, to the sacred asylum of home, the soil most congenial to the opening blossom of female loveliness, where it blooms and expands in safety in the fostering sunshine of maternal affection, and where its heavenly sweets are best known and appreciated.

Modern philosophers may determine the proper destination of the sex—they may assign to them an extensive and brilliant orbit in which to revolve, to the delight of the million and the confusion of man's superior intellect; but when on this subject we disclaim philosophy, and appeal to the higher tribunal of the heart—and what heart that had not lost its better feelings, would ever seek to repose its happiness on the bosom of one, whose pleasures all lay without the threshold of home—who snatched enjoyment only in the whirlpool of dissipation, and amid the thoughtless and evanescent gaiety of a ball room. The fair one who is forever in the career of amusement, may for a while dazzle, astonish and entertain; but we are content with coldly admiring and fondly turn from glitter and noise, to seek the happy fire side of social life there to confide our dearest and best affections.

Yet some there are, and we delight to mention them, who mingle freely with the world, unsullied by its contaminations; whose brilliant minds, like the stars of the firmament, are destined to shed their light abroad, and gladden every beholder with their radiance—to withhold them from the world, would be doing it injustice—they are inestimable gems, which were never formed to be shut up in caskets; but to be the pride and ornament of elegant society.

We have endeavoured always to discriminate between a female of this superiour order, and the thoughtless votary of pleasure; who, destitute of intellectual resources, is servilely dependant on others for every little pittance of enjoyment; who exhibit herself incessantly amid the noise, the giddy frolick and capricious variety of fa-

shionable assemblages; dissipating her languid affections on a crowd—lavishing her ready smiles with indiscriminate prodigality on the worthy, or the undeserving; and listening, with equal vacancy of mind, to the conversation of the enlightened, the frivolity of the coxcomb, and the flourish of the fiddlestick.

There is a certain artificial polish—a common place vivacity acquired by perpetually mingling in the *beau-monde*; which, in the commerce of the world, supplies the place of natural suavity and good humour, but is purchased at the expense of all original and sterling traits of character. By a kind of fashionable discipline, the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to emanate with the semblance of friendly welcome—while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness, or good will. This elegant simulation may be admired by the connoisseur of human character, as a perfection of art; but the heart is not to be deceived by the superficial illusion: it turns with delight to the timid retiring fair one, whose smile is the smile of nature; whose blush is the soft suffusion of delicate sensibility; and whose affections, unblighted by the chilling effects of dissipation, glow with all the tenderness and purity of artless youth. Her's is a singleness of mind, a native innocence of manners, and a sweet timidity, that steal insensibly upon the heart, and lead it a willing captive—though venturing occasionally among the fairy haunts of pleasure, she shrinks from the broad glare of notoriety, and seems to seek refuge among her friends, even from the admiration of the world.

These observations bring to mind a little allegory in one of the manuscripts of the sage Mustapha, which being in some measure applicable to the subject of this essay, we transcribe for the benefit of our fair readers.

Among the numerous race of the Bedouins, who people the vast tracts of Arabia Deserta, is a small tribe, remarkable for their habits of solitude and love of independence. They are of a rambling disposition, roving from waste to waste, slaking their thirst at such scanty pools as are found in those cheerless plains, and glory in the unenvied liberty they enjoy. A youthful arab of this tribe, a simple son of nature, at length growing weary of his precarious and unsettled mode of life determined to set out in search of some permanent abode. "I will seek" said he "some happy region, some generous clime, where the dews of heaven diffuse fertility—I will find out some unfailing stream, and forsaking the joyless life of my forefathers, settle on its borders, dispose my mind to gentle pleasures and tranquil enjoyments, and never wander more."

Enchanted with this picture of pastoral felicity, he departed from the tents of his companions, and having journeyed during five days, on the sixth, as the sun was just rising in all the splendours of the east, he lifted up his eyes and beheld extended before him, in smiling luxuriance, the fertile regions of Arabia the Happy. Gently swelling hills, tufted with blooming groves, swept down into luxuriant vales, enamelled with flowers of never withering beauty. The sun, no longer darting his rays with torrid fervour, beamed with a genial warmth that gladdened and enriched the land,

scape. A pure and temperate serenity, an air of voluptuous repose, a smile of contented abundance pervaded the face of nature, and every zephyr breathed a thousand delicious odours. The soul of the youthful wanderer expanded with delight —he raised his eyes to heaven, and almost mingled with his tribute of gratitude a sigh of regret, that he had lingered so long amid the sterile solitudes of the desart.

With fond impatience he hastened to make choice of a stream where he might fix his habitation, and taste the promised sweets of this land of delight. But here commenced an unforseen perplexity; for, though he beheld innumerable streams on every side, yet not one could he find which completely answered his high raised expectations. One abounded with wild and picturesque beauty, but it was capricious and unsteady in its course; sometimes dashing its angry billows against the rocks, and often raging and overflowing its banks. Another flowed smoothly along, with out even a ripple or a murmur; but its bottom was soft and muddy, and its current dull and sluggish. A third was pure and transparent, but its waters were of a chilling coldness, and it had rocks and flints in its bosom. A fourth was dulcet in its tinklings, and graceful in its meanderings; but it had a cloying sweetness that palled upon the taste; while a fifth possessed a sparkling vivacity, and a pungency of flavour, that deterred the wanderer from repeating his draught.

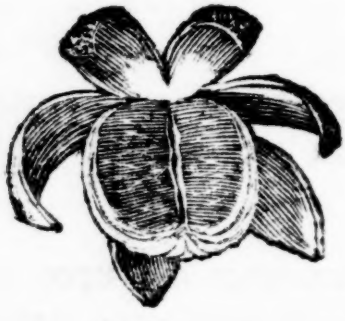
The youthful Bedouin, began to weary with fruitless trials and repeated disappointments, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a lively brook, whose dancing waves glittered in the

sunbeams, and whose prattling current communicated an air of bewitching gaiety to the surrounding landscape. The heart of the wayworn traveller beat with expectation; but on regarding it attentively in its course, he found that it constantly avoided the embowering shade, loitering with equal fondness, whether gliding through the rich valley, or over the barren sand—that the fragrant flower, the fruitful shrub, and worthless bramble were alike fostered by its waves, and that its current was often interrupted by unprofitable weeds. With idle ambition it expanded itself beyond its proper bounds, and spread into a shallow waste of water, destitute of beauty or utility, and babbling along with uninteresting vivacity and vapid turbulence.

The wandering son of the desart turned away with a sigh of regret, and pitied a stream which, if content within its natural limits, might have been the pride of the valley, and the object of all his wishes. Pensive, musing and disappointed, he slowly pursued his now almost hopeless pilgrimage, and had rambled for some time along the margin of a gentle rivulet, before he became sensible of its beauties. It was a simple pastoral stream, which, shunning the noonday glare, pursued its unobtrusive course through retired and tranquil vales—now dimpling among flowery banks and tufted shrubbery; now winding among spicy groves, whose aromatick foliage fondly bent down to meet the limpid wave. Sometimes, but not often, it would venture from its covert to stray through a flowery meadow, but quickly, as if fearful of being seen, stole back again into its more congenial shade, and there lingered with sweet delay. Wherever it

bent its course, the face of nature brightened into smiles, and a perennial spring reigned upon its borders. The warblers of the woodland delighted to quit their recesses and carol among its bowers; while the turtle-dove, the timid fawn, the soft-eyed gazel, and all the rural populace who joy in the sequestered haunts of nature, resorted to its vicinity.—Its pure transparent waters rolled over snow-white sands, and heaven itself was reflected in its tranquil bosom.

The simple arab threw himself upon its verdant margin—he tasted the silver tide, and it was like nectar to his lips—he bounded with transport, for he had found the object of his wayfaring. "Here," cried he, "will I pitch my tent—here will I pass my days; for pure, oh fair stream, is thy gentle current; beauteous are thy borders; and the grove must be a paradise that is refreshed by thy meanderings!"



Pendent opera interrupta. VIRG.

The work's all aback. LINK. FID.

"How hard it is" exclaims the divine Con-fut-sé (better known among the illiterate by the name of Confucius) for a man to bite off his own nose! At this moment I, William Wizard, esq. feel the full force of this remark, and cannot but give vent to my tribulation at being obliged through the whim of friend Langstaff, to stop short in my literary career when at the very point of astonishing my country, and reaping the brightest laurels of literature. We daily hear of shipwrecks, of failures and bankruptcies, they are trifling mishaps which from their frequency excite but little astonishment or sympathy; but it is not often that we hear of a man's letting immortality slip through his fingers, and when he does meet with such a misfortune, who would deny him the comfort of bewailing his calamity?

Next to the embargo laid upon our commerce, the greatest publick annoyance is the embargo laid upon our work: in consequence of which the produce of my wits like that of my country must remain at home, and my ideas, like so many mer-

chantmen in port or redoubtable frigates in the Potomac, moulder away in the mud of my own brain. I know of few things in this world more annoying than to be interrupted in the middle of a favourite story, at the most interesting part, where one expects to shine; or to have a conversation broken off just when you are about coming out with a score of excellent jokes, not one of which but was good enough to make every fine figure in corsets literally split her sides with laughter.—In some such predicament am I placed at present; and I do protest to you, my good-looking and well-beloved readers, by the chop-sticks of the immortal Josh, I was on the very brink of treating you with a full broadside of the most ingenious and instructive essays, that your precious noddles were ever bothered with.

In the first place, I had with infinite labour and pains, and by consulting the divine Plato, Sanconiathon, Appollonius Rhodius, sir John Harrington, Noah Webster, Linkum Fidelius and others, fully refuted all those wild theories respecting the first settlement of our venerable country; and proved, beyond contradiction, that America, so far from being, as the writers of upstart Europe denominate it, *the new world*, is at least as old as any country in existence, not excepting Egypt, China, or even the land of the Assiniboils, which, according to the traditions of that antient people, has already assis-

ted at the funerals of thirteen suns, and four hundred and seventy thousand moons!

I had likewise written a long dissertation on certain hieroglyphicks discovered on those fragments of the moon which have lately fallen, with singular propriety, in a neighbouring state—and have thrown considerable light on the state of literature and the arts in that planet—showing that the universal language which prevails there is high dutch—thereby proving it to be the most antient and original tongue, and corroborating the opinion of a celebrated poet, that it is the language in which the serpent tempted our grandmother Eve.

To support the theatrick department, I had several very judicious critiques, ready written wherein no quarter was shown either to authors or actors; and I was only waiting to determine at what plays or performances they should be levelled. As to the grand spectacle of Cinderella, which is to be represented this season, I had given it a most unmerciful handling: showing that it was neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce; that the incidents were highly improbable, that the prince played like a perfect harlequin, that the white mice were merely powdered for the occasion, and that the new moon had a most outrageous copper nose.

But my most profound and erudite essay in em-

bryo, is an analytical, hypercritical, review of these Salmagundi lucubrations; which I had written partly in revenge for the many waggish jokes played off against me by my confederates, and partly for the purpose of saving much invaluable labour to the Zoiluses and Dennises of the age, by detecting and exposing all the similarities, resemblances, synonimies, analogies, coincidences, &c. which occur in this work.

I hold it downright plagiarism for any author to write or even to think in the same manner with any other writer that either did, doth, or may exist. It is a sage maxim of law—"*Ignorantia neminem excusat*"—and the same has been extended to literature: so that if an author shall publish an idea that has been ever hinted by another, it shall be no exculpation for him to plead ignorance of the fact. All, therefore, that I had to do was to take a good pair of spectacles, or a magnifying-glass, and with Salmagundi in hand and a table full of books before me, to mouse over them alternately, in a corner of Cockloft library: carefully comparing and contrasting all odd ends and fragments of sentences. Little did honest Launce suspect, when he sat lounging and scribbling in his elbow-chair, with no other stock to draw upon than his own brain, and no other authority to consult than the sage Linkum Fidelius—little did he think that

his careless, unstudied effusions, would receive such scrupulous investigation.

By laborious researches, and patiently collating words, where sentences and ideas did not correspond, I have detected sundry sly disguises and metamorphoses of which, I'll be bound, Langstaff himself is ignorant. Thus, for instance—The Little Man in Black, is evidently no less a personage than old Goody Blake, or goody something, filched from the Spectator, who confessedly filched her from Otway's "wrinkled hag with age grown double." My friend Launce has taken the honest old woman, dressed her up in the cast-off suit worn by Twaits in Lampedo, and endeavoured to palm the imposture upon the enlightened inhabitants of Gotham. No further proof of the fact need be given, than that Goody Blake was taken for a witch, and the little man in black for a conjuror, and that they both lived in villages, the inhabitants of which were distinguished by a most respectful abhorrence of hobgoblins and broomsticks—to be sure the astonishing similarity ends here, but surely that is enough to prove that the little man in black is no other than Goody Blake in the disguise of a white witch.

Thus, also, the sage Mustapha, in mistaking a brag-party for a convention of Magi studying hieroglyphicks, may pretend to originality of idea and to a familiar acquaintance with the black-letter liter-

ati of the east—but this tripolitan trick will not pass here—I refer those who wish to detect his larceny to one of those wholesale jumbles, or hodge-podge collections of science, which, like a tailor's pandimonium, or a giblet-pie, are receptacles for scientifick fragments of all sorts and sizes. The reader, learned in dictionary studies, will at once perceive I mean an encyclopœdia. There, under the title of magi, Egypt, cards, or hieroglyphicks, I forget which, will be discovered an idea similar to that of Mustapha, as snugly concealed as truth at the bottom of a well, or the misletoe amid the shady branches of an oak :—and it may at any time be drawn from its lurking-place, by those hewers of wood and drawers of water, who labour in the humbler walks of criticism. This is assuredly a most unpardonable error of the sage Mustapha, who had been the captain of a ketch, and of course, as your nautical men are for the most part very learned, ought to have known better. But this is not the only blunder of the grave mussulman who swears by the head of Amrou, the beard of Barbarossa, and the sword of Khalid, as glibly as our good christian soldiers anathematize body and soul, or a sailor his eyes and odd limbs. Now, I solemnly pledge myself to the world, that in all my travels through the east, in Persia, Arabia, China and Egypt, I never heard man, woman, or child, utter any of those preposterous and new fangled asseverations ; and

that, so far from swearing by any man's head, it is considered throughout the east, the greatest insult that can be offered to either the living or dead, to meddle in any shape even with his beard. These are but two or three specimens of the exposures I would have made—but I should have descended still lower, nor would have spared the most insignificant *and*, or *but*, or *nevertheless*, provided I could have found a ditto in the Spectator or the dictionary—but all these minutiæ I bequeath to the lilliputian literati of this sagacious community, who are fond of hunting "such small deer," and I earnestly pray they may find full employment for a twelvemonth to come.

But the most outrageous plagiarisms of friend Launcelot, are those made on sundry living personages. Thus; Tom Straddle has been evidently stolen from a distinguished *Brumagem* emigrant, since they both ride on horseback—Dabble, the little great man, has his origin in a certain aspiring counsellor, who is rising in the world as rapidly as the heaviness of his head will permit—Mine Uncle John will bear a tolerable comparison, particularly as it respects the sterling qualities of his heart, with a worthy yeoman of Westchester-county;—and to deck out Aunt Charity and the amiable Miss Cocklofts, he has rifled the charms of half the antient vestals in the city. Nay, he has taken unpardonable liberties with my own person—elevating me on

the substantial pedestals of a worthy gentleman from China, and tricking me out with claret coats, tight breeches, and silver-sprigged dickeys, in such sort that I can scarcely recognize my own resemblance—whereas I absolutely declare that I am an exceeding good-looking man, neither too tall nor too short, too old nor too young, with a person indifferently robust, a head rather inclining to be large, an easy swing in my walk; and that I wear my own hair, neither queued, nor cropped, nor turned up, but in a fair, pendulous, oscillating club, tied with a yard of ninepenny black riband.

And now having said all that occurs to me on the present pathetick occasion—having made my speech, wrote my eulogy, and drawn my portrait, I bid my readers an affectionate farewel; exhorting them to live honestly and soberly—paying their taxes and reverencing the state, the church and the corporation—reading diligently the bible, the almanack, the newspaper and Salmagundi—which is all the reading an honest citizen has occasion for—and eschewing all spirit of faction, discontent, irreligion and criticism.

which is all at present,

from their departed friend,

WILLIAM WIZARD

END OF VOLUME II.